

me and my husband "Nath Stickey" met in the 6th grade. we went to McCure middle school together. it's crazy but the abuse actually started way back then he used to take me into skipping school to ~~come~~ ^{go} to his house. there he would try to persuade me into having sex with him when I wouldn't he would verbally abuse me. He would say things like Betch get out my House after he knows I'm already in trouble. and the buses have quit running tell me that his going to have one of his homegirls beat me up. then sometimes he would be nice to me. I finally gave in and had sex with him. then I started going ~~also~~ to his house on a regular basis. I would leave home on the weekends. ~~but~~ tell my mother I was going some where else and I always ended up at Nath's House. He would never let me leave. when it was time for me to go home. back then he would do things like slap me in the face, pull my hair, push me down anything to keep me from going out that door. this mother was on drugs at the time. so as long as she was high at the time. nothing matter to her. after about a ~~few~~ 2 years of that. we both started

Seeing
fighting it with other people. so we only
seen each other off and on. at the age
of 16 I got pregnant and ~~had~~ had
a Baby. by. Oldest daughter's father. TERRON
Thompson. He got sentenced to 100 months
in Washington State Penitentiary that was in
1994. Shortly after he went to jail me
and Noah started seeing each other
again. everything was all good at first
when my oldest was 10 months old I got
pregnant again I honestly knew that I
was too young to be having a second child
I actually didn't find out I was pregnant
until I was 9 or more weeks I don't remember
exactly. I just remember I was getting up
there in the weeks. the first thing that
came to my mind was. Abortion. Noah on
the other hand thought different he told
me ~~what~~ All what he would do to me
if I aborted his baby. I was threatened
on numerous occasions. I made several
appointments to have the procedure
done it seemed like everytime I was
going to my Appt. Noah would pop up and
ruin my plans. After almost 2 months of
playing that game I was ^{at the last} ~~was~~ 4 months
pregnant. my mom called me crying telling
me to please have the baby. and that
she'd help me. because she had just seen
some documentary about abortions. she told

me that my baby was already developed so that would be killing her grandbaby if I went through with an abortion. So I decided to have my baby after all. Right after all that Noah went to jail for driving and didn't get out until 2 weeks. After our daughter Naziah was born. For a few months we were as happy as we could be. Before Noah and I got back together he had another girlfriend who introduced him to drugs. Mostly marijuana, PCP, and valiums which he used daily. Before we got back together, he tried to clean up around me. You know for the baby's sake. As for me at the time other than marijuana I was what they would call a square to the dope game. I wouldn't allow him to be around me or my kids under the influence. So at this point in time for the most part he tried to stay sober. Then he started would start fights so he could go get high and as he would say get his hustle on. He started doing this as often as he could get away with it. Which was almost every day. Noah never had a problem with helping me financially with the kids and Bills I was a teenage parent I didn't work I was receiving benefits from the state so unfortunately I ~~wasn't~~ ~~wasn't~~ starting depending on him for a lot of things. The fights started getting

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wise. now he would fight me in front of the kids this started happening when my oldest Jashayia^{was} a little over 1 1/2 years old. why he was beating me up she would cry and scream until ~~noah's mother~~ my mother in law would take both the kids in the one of the rooms. and shut the door. nobody would ever try and break it up. Noah's mom was addicted to heroin she stayed with us to help us with the kids now she started running off with other females. Most of them were shirm heads as well. that would cause us to fight more. then that's when he told me if he could get high at home ~~where~~ he wouldn't have to run off with ~~the~~ other females. so of course I gave in he was the love of my life at this particular time I didn't think I could survive without him. so eventually I started smoking PCP. occasionally with him. at first I didn't like it at all. ~~after~~ so long it was part of my daily routine. Noah continued to run off with other women he then started giving me excuses that they were giving him money that's all it was and I was the only one he cared about. he was messing with with so many different women to where I wasn't allowed to go anywhere. not even with my friends I grew up ~~up~~ and went to school with. if they tried to come over or come pick me up he

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would beat me up in front of them. it was humiliating my friends were scared to death of him. he would sometimes threaten them too. I would tell him all the time that it was over, he acted like he didn't know what that meant. I would put ~~out~~ him out I can't even count how many times. The sad thing is I would always let him back in. I really don't think he wanted me communicating with anybody so I wouldn't find out about any other guys that and he was insecure because he ^{knew} I had been fed up with him. The fighting never stopped. it was happening more and the fights were getting worse. I know he knew I was scared to death of him. he actually thought it was okay to hit women. at times I would think that he was enjoying himself while he beat me like ~~he needed~~ I wasn't the mother of his child ~~and~~ ^{and} he's never met me a day in his life. after torturing me he would act like ~~none~~ nothing never happen. and wanted for everything to go back normal he would catch me saying something smart under my breath. ~~then he~~ ^{then he} would continue to put his hands on me. it was so bad that I told myself over and over again that I hated him and that one day something real bad was going to happen to him it seemed like he always took violence to the extreme. not just at home but in

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the streets as well. he was always into it with somebody rather it be male or female, when our daughter was 8 months he went to jail for 1st degree armed robbery with a deadly weapon. after getting out on bond me and noah got married in march. 1999 he was sentenced to 91 months. he was taken into custody at his court date. Then I was left to take care for my 2 small children by myself. my husband was still very insecure about our relationship. so therefore he wanted his mom to ~~continue~~ continue to stay with me so she could help me with the kids. at that particular time I didn't have any problem with that I was beyond stressed out. even though me and my husband had an abusive relationship we shared a lot of good memories as well. and I still loved and cared for him. I felt at times I was put in a position where everyone depended on me. I had to support my husband during his incarceration, support my mother in law's heroin habit and most of all taking care of my babies. my husband felt comfortable with me being around his family or my family only. my mom and brother lived in Oregon. during this time my father was incarcerated as well. I really didn't think that anyone else would understand what I was

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going through I ~~wasn't~~ I felt like I had ~~no~~ other choice to deal with ~~the family~~ a lot of people I wasn't really ~~comfortable~~ familiar with. It wasn't long before I was turned on to hustling, stealing, ~~selling drugs~~ ~~to this family member~~. I started smoking Marijuana everyday, the more money I made the higher I got. I would take Vicadins. When I could get them I always told the people around me that I had a toothache. So they wouldn't think nothing of it. After my husband's sister was released from jail she came to live with me as well. It wasn't until after that I found out that she was an heroin addict as well. Except she snorted her in a powder form. Other than shooting up like my mother in law at the time I wasn't interested. After that I got introduced to cashing fraudulent checks. I never knew that I ~~could~~ ~~could~~ would be lead to so much trouble. I was in too deep. It's like I lost control. I was eventually ~~then~~ introduced to heroin "powder form" also known as China white. I didn't know that something so little could take control of my life. I started off doing it occasionally a few months after that I did it so much as everyday. I had a habit and didn't know I stayed so high all the time. I never gave myself time to become ~~loose~~ sick.

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As I was ~~man~~ fighting my addiction I still managed to take care of myself and kids and whoever else that had there hand out including my husband and mother in law. everything had got really hard on me. at the time I didn't know where I went wrong. all I ~~knew~~ knew was that I had to feed my habit so I could take care of the my kids and in order to do that I had to hustle. it got ~~than~~ worse and worse I was so miserable with myself. I wanted to kick the heroin but my body wouldn't let me I tried several times by myself. I had got busted for surgery and I ~~was~~ they accepted me into A Drug Court Program. The deal was if I completed the program I didn't have to go to prison and I wouldn't get a felony on my Record. well I ~~wasn't~~ kept getting Dirty U's I missed a court date so I eventually had a warrant. so they told me I had to go to Detox I went after 3 days I left and started using again I went back to detox I completed Detox as soon as I got out I got high again. I knew that journey was coming close to an end for me. I was so tired I was very unhappy. my mother has always helped me with my kids. She's always been there for me and my babies, were all they know. I eventually had a few warrants for my arrest I knew I was eventually going to prison so it's

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like I got deeper into my addiction. my mom was there for me every step of the way. she has always been there to pick up the pieces. I hid my addiction for a long time, well atleast that what I ~~about~~ thought. she probably knew the whole time. I was hustlin everyday to support my habbit. basically just diggin a deeper ditch for myself. But I still managed to keep my house I had been renting for 5 years. I finally got arrested on my warrant and went to prison ~~there~~ I got sentenced to 17 months in W.C.C.W. Washington State Correctional Center for women. I did a little over a year and was released my mom took care of my kids and kept my house up and supported me during my incarceration. my father did as well. when I was released I returned to live in the house with my mom and kids. I stayed sober for a while. it didnt take long for me to get back in the mist of things I started dating a guy who was using ~~except~~ it was ~~therion~~ it was ~~occar~~ I started using drugs again eventually it seemed like everybody around me were doing the same things it ^{didn't} take long before I was addicted. I never smoked it. I smoked the ~~occar~~ as well. the man I was seeing was abusive too. he always took all my money. he's also put his hands on me numerous times it was as often as my husband but it still happen

He was basically using me to have a place to stay. He treated me like I was nothing. At the time I didn't think so. I all I knew was that I had to stay with him according to what I owed him my life. I had hit rock bottom and my self esteem was so low I started to believe everything he use to tell me was true. He said such things as I'm not shit. I'll never be nothing without him, and that nobody wanted me but him. ~~But~~ ~~started~~ ~~from~~ my kids started to notice the stress I was going through. I tried my best to hide ~~my~~ ~~my~~ mom figured out that I was using again. She was very upset with me. She told me several times that I need to get my shit together. So I avoided her as much as possible. Again I couldn't shake my habit. Eventually I ended up losing my place I was evicted. It was stress beyond stress I couldn't find a place nobody wanted to rent to me due to my bad credit and my ~~criminal~~ criminal history. I was so down and out. It's like it didn't matter how hard I tried I couldn't get back on my feet. I had let the drugs take over again. I was barely getting by. All mostly all the crimes I've ever committed were to support my drug habit and to take care of ~~my~~ kids and bills. ~~That's~~ what lead me into the situation I'm in now.

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gambling Downward departure

4-21-06

I remember times when I was 6 or 7 and my mom and dad were fighting. Me and my mom were laying in the bed. He was trying to take her last little money to get high with as he was hitting her some fingernail polish remover ~~was~~ fell off the headboard and spilled in my mom's eye that was just one of numerous fights I've seen. I always knew my dad used drugs. Because one year I went to my grandma's. My dad's mom's house for Christmas. They always sent for me on holidays anyways. I don't remember exactly how old I was. But when I went downstairs in the basement looking for my dad. I seen him sitting in ~~the~~ a chair with something tied around his arm and a needle in his hand. Standing next to him was a woman I didn't recognize. After he realized I was standing there he screamed at me to get my butt upstairs. Back then I really didn't understand was. I use to hear my mom say all the time that my dad was an ~~addict~~ addict and a dope fiend. Not too much longer after that he went to prison. ~~that~~ that's when I started seeing him only every couple years. He's been to prison a few times. My dad always had a different woman everytime I seen him. My mom also had several different men in

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her life. I hated for my mom to have boyfriends some were nice and some use to beat her up as well. my mom sometime use to send me to stay with her mom "my grandma" for ^{a couple weeks} ~~months~~ at a time my older brother lived with her permanently. I would stay there until my mom got done working. thats what I was told at the time I used staying with my grandma. she worked long hours but she was good to us. my mom always returned to get me. I guess she wouldn't be gone for that long. but as a kid it seemed like a lifetime. I would say that as a child I grew up in a poor household. I remember my mom working jobs. but majority of the time she was receiving public ~~assistance~~ assistance struggling trying to make ends meet. I never felt unloved from my mother. I know she always tried to make us happy. I know that it is hard to raise kids being a single parent.